

Your Insurance

Are You Protected from Fire

Should your property burn tonight have you an Insurance Policy that would protect you? One that you could collect promptly without danger of litigation or bothersome "red tape"

The Policies I Issue

Protect you in all respects. In case of fire you get your money without delay. I represent the strongest line of companies in the land. The old reliable ones that are tried and proven

Life Insurance,

Fire, Boiler, Plate Glass, Builder's Risks, Etc. The best companies in each case. In this age it is needless to argue the necessity for Insurance. The only question is, "Does it protect?" If carried with the companies I represent it does. You will make no mistake if you insure with me. I will appreciate your business and give it my careful, prompt attention.

E. H. King

Upstairs over First National Bank, Arcadia

TIME TRIED AND FIRE TESTED

THE First National Bank of Arcadia

With Capital of \$30,000 and
Surplus of \$30,100.

DEPOSITS OF OVER A QUARTER OF A MILLION

Solicits the business of the people of DeSoto County
Gives prompt and careful attention to all business intrusted to it
Sells money orders to any point in the United States
Has a Savings Department, paying interest on deposit
Safe deposit boxes for rent, \$3 per year
T. B. KING, J. G. KING,
PRESIDENT CASHIER

Winter Tourists and Hunters Rates

Charlotte Harbor & Northern Railway, "Boca Grande Route", Effective November 14th, 1908, Winter Tourist & Hunters round trip rates were put on sale daily, final limit to return May 31st, 1909.

From	To	Round Trip Rate
Arcadia and Nocatee McCall	\$1 75
Arcadia and Nocatee Placida	2 00
Arcadia and Nocatee Boca Grande	2 50
Arcadia and Nocatee South Dock	2 60
Ft. Ogden and Hull McCall	1 50
Ft. Ogden and Hull to Placida	1 90
Ft. Ogden and Hull to Boca Grande	2 15
Ft. Ogden and Hull to South Dock	2 35

For further information call on or write J. L. DETREVILLE, G. P. A. Arcadia, Florida.

Watched Fifteen Years,

"For fifteen years I have watched the working of Bucklen's Arnica Salve; and it has never failed to cure any sore, boil, ulcer or burn to which it was applied. It has saved us many a doctor bill," says A. F. Hardy, of East Wilton, Maine. 25c. at Ed Greene's drug store.

A Boston couple love each other, but can't live together. She says, "he's a splendid man," and he says "she's a good woman and a fine housekeeper, but I can't live with her." Anybody got a remedy for cold feet?

How is your Digestion

Mrs. Mary Dowling of No. 228 8th Ave., San Francisco, recommends a remedy for stomach trouble. She says: "Gratitude for the wonderful effect of Electric Bitters in a case of acute indigestion, prompts this testimonial. I am fully convinced that for stomach and liver troubles Electric Bitters is the best remedy on the market to-day." This great tonic and alterative medicine invigorates the system, purifies the blood and is especially helpful in all forms of female weakness. 50c. at Ed Greene's drug store.

Take Up the White Man's Musket

Take up the white man's musket;

The deadliest ones ye make;

Go drill your sons to use it,

And then, for Jesus' sake,

Send them with ammunition

To hunt these heathen wild,

Your new caught, sullen people

On whom God never smiled.

Take up the white man's cannon,

The largest that ye cast,

Go put it on your warships,

The strongest ones and fast—

Speed them to heathen countries,

Seek out each farthest spot,

And save these sullen people

With bibles and with shot,

—David B. Page, in Humanity

"Uncle Andy" Carnegie has announced that he is two years older than he thought he was. With all her blunt frankness, we cannot imagine Mrs. Hetty Green making any such statement concerning herself.

While Mr. Roosevelt is in Africa we wish he would find out for sure whether a jackrabbit can kill a bull moose, and put a stop to this nature faking business.

If the women do get a chance to vote on the liquor question in Washington, certain statesmen will take the next train right after the ballots are counted.

We wonder if Mr. Taft as President will be able to call the turn on vice, business immorality and general bad citizenship in so many and varied terms as has his honored predecessor.

Uncle Joe Cannon sits still, but he doesn't tremble.

Satan Sanderson

By HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES,
Author of "Hearts Courageous," Etc.

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She snatched up the paper again. "Who has been for some months on a prolonged vacation?"—the phrase started sardonically at her. That might carry far back—she said it under her breath, fearfully—beyond the murder of Dr. Moreau. Her face burned, and her breath came sharp and fast. Why when she brought her warning to the cabin had Hugh been so anxious to get her away unless to prevent her sight of the man who was there, to whom he had taken her horse? Who was there in Smoky Mountain whom he would protect at hazard of his own life?

Jessica's veins were all a-fire. A rector murderer? A double career? Was it beyond possibility? It came to her like an impinging ray of light, the old curious likeness that had sometimes been made a jest of at the white house in the aspens. Moreau and Pendergast had believed it to be Hugh. So had the town, for the body had been found on his ground. But on the night when the real murderer came again to the cabin perhaps it was his coming that had brought back the lost memory. Hugh had known the truth. In the light of this supposition, his strained manner then, his present determination not to speak, all stood plain.

What had he meant by a debt of his past that he had never paid? He could owe no debt to Harry Sanderson. If he owed any debt it was to his dead father, a thousand times more than the draft he had repaid. Could he be thinking in his remorse that his father had cast him off, counting himself nothing, remembering only that Harry Sanderson had been David Stires' favorite and St. James', which must be smirched by the odium of its rector, the apple of his eye?

Jessica had snatched at a straw, because it was the only buoyant thing afloat in the dragging tide. Now with a blind fatuousness she hugged it tighter to her bosom. One purpose possessed her—to confront Harry Sanderson. What matter though she missed the remainder of the trial? She could do nothing. Her hands were tied. If the truth lay at Aniston she would find it. She thought no farther than this. Once in Harry Sanderson's presence, what she should say or do she scarcely imagined. The horrifying question filled her thought to the exclusion of all that must follow its answer. It was surety and self conviction she craved, only to read in his eyes the truth about the murder of Moreau.

She suddenly began to tremble. Would the doctors let her see him? What excuse could she give? If he was the man who had been in Hugh's cabin that night he had heard her speak, had known she was there. He must not know beforehand of her coming lest he have suspicion of her errand. Bishop Ludlow, he could gain her access to him. Injured, dying perhaps, maybe he did not guess that Hugh was in jeopardy for his crime. Guilty and dying, if he knew this, he would surely tell the truth. But if he died before she could reach him? The paper was some days old. He might be dead already. She took heart, however, from the statement of his improved condition.

She sprang to her feet and looked at her chateau watch. The eastbound express was overdue. There was no time to lose. Minutes might count. She examined her purse. She had money enough with her.

Five minutes later she was at the station, a scribbled note was on its way to Mrs. Halloran, and before a swinging red lantern the long incoming train was shuddering to a stop.



Chapter 29

I N the long hospital the air was cool and filtered, drab figures passed with soft footfalls and voices were measured and hushed. But no sense of coolness or repose had come to the man whose racked body had been tenderly borne there in the snowy dawn which saw the blackened ruins of Aniston's most perfect edifice.

Hugh had sunk into unconsciousness with the awe-struck examination ring-

ing in his ears, "Good God, it's Harry Sanderson!" He had drifted back to conscious knowledge with the same words racing in his brain. They implied that so far as capture went the old, curious resemblance would stand his friend till he betrayed himself or till the existence of the real Harry Sanderson at Smoky Mountain did so for him. The delusion must hold till he could have himself moved to some place where his secret would be safer, till he could get away.

This thought grew swiftly paramount; it overlapped the rigid agony of his burns that made the bed on which he lay a fiery furnace; it gave method to his every word and look. He took up the difficult part and, after the superficial anguish dulled, complained no more and successfully counterfeited cheerfulness and betterment. He said nothing of the curiously recurrent and sickening stab of pain, searching and deep seated, that took his breath and left each time an increasing giddiness. Whatever inner hurt this might betoken, he must hide it the sooner to leave the hospital, where each hour brought nearer the inevitable disclosure.

He thanked fortune now for the chapel game. Few enough in Aniston would care to see the unfrocked, disgraced rector of St. James'. He did not know that the secret was Bishop Ludlow's own until the hour when he opened his eyes after a fitful sleep upon the latter's face.

The bishop was the first visitor, and it was his first visit, for he had been in a distant city at the time of the fire. Waiting the waking, he had been mystified at the change a few months had wrought in the countenance of the man whose disappearance had cost him so many sleepless hours. The months of indulgence and rich living—on the money he had won from Harry—had taken away Hugh's slightness, and his fuller cheeks were now of the contour of Harry's own. But the bishop distinguished new lines in the face on the pillow, an expression unfamiliar and puzzling. The firmness and strength were gone, and in their place was a haunting something that gave him a fitting suggestion of the discarded that he could not shake off.

Waking, the unexpected sight of the bishop startled Hugh. To the good man's pain he had turned his face away.

"My dear boy," the bishop had said, "they tell me you are stronger and better. I thank God for it!"

He spoke gently and with deep feeling. How could he tell to what extent he himself, in mistaken severity, had been responsible for that unaccustomed look? When Hugh did not answer the bishop misconstrued the silence. He leaned over the bed. The big cool hand touched the fevered one on the white coverlid, where the ruby ring glowed, a coal in snow.

"Harry," he said, "you have suffered—you are suffering now. But think of me only as your friend. I ask no questions. We are going to begin where we left off."

"I would like to do that," said Hugh, "to begin again. But the chapel is gone."

"Never mind that," said the bishop cheerfully. "You are only to get well. We are going to rebuild soon, and we



"We are going to begin where we left off," want your judgment on the plans. Aniston is hanging on your condition, Harry," he went on. "There's a small cartload of visiting cards downstairs for you. But I imagine you haven't begun to receive yet, eh?"

"I—I've seen nobody," Hugh spoke hurriedly and hoarsely. "Tell the doctor to let no one come—no one but you. I—I'm not up to it."

"Why, of course not," said the bishop quickly. "You need quiet, and the people can wait."

The bishop chatted awhile of the parish, Hugh replying only when he must, and went away heartened. Before he left Hugh saw his way to hasten his own going. On the next visit the seed was dropped in the bishop's mind so cleverly that he thought the idea his own. That day he said to the surgeon in charge:

"He is gaining so rapidly I have been wondering if he couldn't be taken away where the climate will benefit him. Will he be able to travel soon?"

(To be continued.)

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with severe
Headaches
when

HERBINE

Will Cure You.

The liver is the main-spring for the whole body. To expect good health, one must keep the liver in good order. To do so, a regulator is needed. Herbine will put your liver in the condition it should be and you will not suffer from headaches.

**A POSITIVE CURE
FOR CONSTIPATION, CHILLS AND
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Has Done A World Of Good.

Mrs. C. D. Philley, Marble Falls, Texas, writes: "I have used Herbine and find it the best liver corrective I have ever tried. It done my family as well as myself a world of good, and I recommend it to all my friends. I never suffer from headaches anymore."

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